

"O Jimmy we have Missed Thee,
Welcome, Welcome Home."

I am going to tell you one of the regulation Sunday-School teacher bank cashier stories just as it occurred right here in Lexington, and then I will tell the Lexington Transcript tell the story in the Transcript's style, calling your attention to the fact that the Transcript has lately laid down as a principle in journalism that it is legitimate business to sell the sentiments of its editorial columns, and admitted that it did this in advocating the claims of Davidson, a saloon proprietor, for Mayor of Lexington.

If anybody says I mean to insinuate in the following account that the Transcript has been paid by Scrugham to write the piece I deny the charge.

I do not know anything about it, and do not insinuate anything. I only say that if I had taken money from Davidson under the circumstances that the Transcript did, I would not hesitate to take money from Scrugham for writing this piece that the Transcript has published, but I do not set myself up as a criterion for others.

The plain facts in the case of Scrugham are these. He played the regular Sunday-School teacher game; robbed the bank of which he was cashier of \$55,000, deserted a loving wife and children, and ran off to Canada. He has probably been unsuccessful in gambling; his money is all gone, and now the scheme is to get the new Democratic governor to pardon him so that he can come home to his Sunday-School class and get another soft place.

I do not know anything about v. Brown except that nearly every drunkard in the state, who sober enough to get to the polls for him, and I suppose that tens of thousands of the saloon men and distillers in the state voted for him.

Among all the saloon-keepers and distillers that I know, and know of, I think there is only one who voted against Governor Brown.

About the time that this scheme to get the governor to pardon Scrugham is going on, the governor was at a ball in Lexington, from which two of the leading spirits, a son of Congressman Breckinridge and a son of Rev. Arnold, retired to a livery stable and mashed up each other's faces in a fist fight.

I do not know that Governor Brown's being at the ball has anything to do with the matter more especially under consideration, further than the fact that it shows a gay and festive disposition in the governor that might give him some sympathy with the gay and festive Mr. Scrugham. The Transcript bases its argument for the pardon of Bro. Scrugham on the fact that others have been pardoned who did just as bad as Bro. Scrugham.

The Transcript is solid in that position. Nor is that all. We have now in this state the case of a man who absconded with the money of a great many people. The papers said he would be put in the penitentiary if he were ever caught. He came back after a while, was elected Mayor of his town, and not long since was elected to another important office, he rolling out the whisky by the barrel, and a drunken fight resulting in which several men were killed and wounded.

The Transcript is right in its position that the rule here is that the men who steal on a big gentlemanly scale shall not be punished for it. If the devil has not got "honest" Dick Tate, and does not get him before the \$350,000 that he stole from the state of Kentucky gives out, Bro. Tate who along with Bro. Scrugham, was a leader in the Baptist church, will be back too.

It is very touching, the style in which the Transcript talks about "Jimmy." When we used to know him here five years ago, and before he had been published as having stolen \$55,000, he was known as plain "Jim," but the privations he has undergone in living in Canada hotels has endeared him to the great throbbing generous heart of the Lexington journalist, and we hear of him as "Jimmy."

It looks to me like a blasted shame that "Jimmy" should have been ostracized as he has for the peccadillo of taking \$55,000; and I believe he ought to bring suit against the state for the loss of time and the inconvenience he has sustained, for the matter of stealing \$55,000 to bet on a horse race, when his only purpose in doing so was "to get even again" he having bet on the horse that did not get there soon enough.

In a country where the "upper crust" Christian people go to horse races, and the city government authorizes "pool" rooms, and the aristocracy vote for the managers of pool rooms, it does look bad that for the mere matter of pocketing \$55,000 to bet on a race horse, a beloved Sunday-School teacher should be put to all this inconvenience, and annoyance.

But the Transcript tells the story so much more touchingly

pathetic than I can do that I reproduce it in full, head lines and all.

JIMMY SCRUGHAM.

A Rumor That His Long Sojourn in Canada

Will Soon Come to an End, And That

HE WILL RETURN TO KENTUCKY

In the early part of January, 1885, Jas. G. Scrugham, teller and assistant cashier of the City National Bank, fled to Canada, where he has continued to reside. Everybody knew Jimmy Scrugham, and no young man in Kentucky of his age, was a finer business man or had brighter prospects. He was a member of the Baptist Church, a teacher in the Sunday-School, and accounted a model in every respect. But horse races, pool rooms and stock speculation got the better of his judgment, as they have with that of many a good man, and he fell. He fled to Windsor, Canada, and has remained there, it is said, ever since. He was the principal stockholder in the Electric Light Company, which would have made him a rich man. He also owned stock in the Overland Telephone Company.

Just what the amount of short-ages has, not we believe, been made public, but it is said to have been about \$55,000, of which amount Mr. M. G. Thompson paid \$25,000, being on his bond for that amount. The balance is said to have been paid with the proceeds of property belonging to Scrugham and relatives.

It is now said that Scrugham will likely return before long from Canada. That his friends have been at work quietly for some time past, and that if those who lost by him will not prosecute, he will be pardoned by Gov. Brown.

Some of his friends claim that he is entitled to a pardon just as much as several others who fled to Canada and have been pardoned and permitted to return. Those who knew Jimmy Scrugham well all say he was a much better man than many who never saw Canada, and that his fall was due to a mania for race horse betting that seized him. That in a desperate endeavor to get even again, he got in deeper and deeper, and finding he could not recoup himself, he fled.

Says I Write "Lots of Good Things"—Discusses the Sabbath—Wants my Picture in the Blade.

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y., Oct. 30, '91. Mr. C. C. Moore, Editor B. G. B. DEAR SIR—The B. G. B. came to me this a. m. for the first time in nearly two months. I enclose you \$1.00 for the same. Please put on label so I will know when the time expires. The Blade is a very welcome visitor to my table. You write lots of good things, and I have tried to size you up in my mind.

I have enjoyed very many things the Blade has said. Sometimes it has borne down hard on the church; but the church, or some of its members need all they get.

I am about forty six years old. My life was a checked one up to fifteen years ago.

Then I was constrained to close up the old ledger—as I may call it—with all its blots and mistakes, and I opened a new book. One night while on my way home, all alone, nobody near, with the beautiful canopy of heaven over me, and the bright stars looking down upon me, I met with a change of heart that I can not explain. I was made a new man; my course was changed. I, prior to that time, had been aiding the liquor interest by my vote.

I stopped short and cast my first Prohibition vote for Green Clay Smith. The vote was counted "scattering," but it was cast right, and I was not particular about its count.

Since then I have spent a great deal of money and time also for the cause of Prohibition. To-day if I should vote for either of the candidates of the Republicans or Democrats who I know will favor liquor legislation, I would not be one whit better than the man who sells the liquor, and of course the dealer is just as good a man as the minister who votes the same ticket.

I am glad that so many ministers are working and voting for Prohibition. They should be encouraged; also the Christian men and women. You give the ministers down the banks sometimes for their indifference to Prohibition,

You seem to forget that to take the ministers out we would not have so good a time for Prohibition as now. They and the very best and most earnest men in the church are Prohibitors, and we should encourage them.

The Prohibitionists are getting to be the backbone of the church, but we must have patience. The Prohibitionists should not leave the church, but get it right—clean out the license hypocrites and make the church what Christ intended it to be.

I am a Methodist, and have been a trustee for perhaps eight years. We have a good church and a true Christian minister. We pay him \$2,000 a year.

Now suppose he should go to the polls and vote for a license system. I would call him a hypocrite and prove it to him, and I would make things so hot that I would bring a church trial and find out who was right, he or I. This is what every church that pretends to have any religion should do—purge itself, clean the house and get the old bums and bats out of the pulpits and churches, and let those that are trying to follow Jesus run our churches. So I say to the Prohibitionists stick to the church but purge it and make it pure.

And now Bro. Moore I don't believe in all that you say and do. Some time last summer you spoke of working on the Sabbath day. I think a man that does that sets a bad example, and is doing an injustice to his fellow men. Suppose we abandon the Sabbath. Won't the laboring men have to work the whole seven days in the week?

Freight and passenger trains and steamboats would run as on other days in the week, which would make it very hard for the laborers and animals, and everything else that now have a day, or part of a day to rest.

I love to drive out on the Sabbath day, but not with a team that has worked all the week. I love to look at the beautiful grassy fields, the flowers and foliage, and see the beautiful fields of grain and many other grand and beautiful things God has given to us to make us happy, and I want my fellow men to enjoy the same. But when we throw up the Sabbath day the manufacturers will soon take advantage of it, and tell their employees they must work the whole seven days.

No, No, we can't spare the Sabbath day—let us keep it and let us keep the church and Sabbath-School and the true preacher, but fire the bad ones.

I am a Prohibitionist because I believe it to be right. Have spent some money and time—rode hundreds of miles, paid every one of my expenses and talked as I pleased. I think if our speakers would charge less and do more work the thing would come quicker. A man who will charge fifty dollars for one speech and take it out of the pockets of a few Prohibitionists is a scoundrel, and should be retired. If any of the great reformers had charged fifty dollars a night there never would have been a reformation.

Such men as do that are in for the money and not for the love of the cause, and I say away with them. People can't be made to believe they are sincere.

Now Bro. Moore I am glad they have let you live. You thought at one time that the rum element would feed you to the vultures of the air. I hope you may live to do lots of good for Prohibition.

I wish you would have a cut made from a photograph and print it in your paper right along. I am anxious to see how you look. It will be a good scheme and will take, and when I O. U. another dollar send me a postal card, and I will remit.

Yours for the best reform ever started.

D. R. WOOD.

Of course I appreciate the compliment in being asked to put my picture in the Blade; but I guess it will never be. I have been noticing the kind of people who do get their mugs in the newspapers, and the kind who do not, and I would rather stay on the outside.

I have never had my picture taken but once since I was a boy, and that was just before the war when I was a preacher and I had on a clerical coat. If I ever have another one it will be because they get me in the "rogues gallery," and hold me while they snatch my mug, or somebody will take me on the fly with a Kodak.

About that "Sabbath" business I will not say much as I have several times made some argument about it recently.

As to my working on Sunday; while my conscience is of course just as clear to work on Sunday as any other day, I did not work a team that had worked all the week, nor will I work or allow to be worked too much, any team, on any day.

The case to which the brother alludes was one when, in corn plowing time, it had been too wet to plow for days, and both I and my mules and horses were tired of doing nothing.

When Sunday came it was a beautiful day for plowing, and I got a mule and plowed corn all day. I fed the mule well at noon,

and ate no dinner myself because I wanted others to have a Sunday rest.

I never spent a more delightful day, and the mule never rebuked me for it, as I believe he would have done if I had been doing wrong. His name was Balaam, and I called him that because he had a kind of a preacher sanctimoniousness about him that made me believe he was a lineal descendant, on his father's side, of that donkey in the Bible that delivered a lecture to his boss. While my New York friend was riding around and enjoying the beauties of nature like a butterfly does, I was making some money to pay my debts, and to have some left to run a newspaper against the liquor traffic and religious superstition, and you see I got there, for the Blade is here.

Not only is the Sabbath opposed to the Christian religion but its enforcement is in direct violation of the spirit and constitution of the American government.

I am in favor of the "World's Fair" at Chicago being thrown wide open on Sunday, and run at full blast.

The Arena for November has an article on Sunday observance called "Sunday at the World's Fair." It gives my full opinion on the subject of "Sabbath" observance.

The writer says: "Nowhere in the Bible can they find any command to keep Sunday as a 'holy day,' neither can they there find where the Jewish Sabbath was ever changed to the first day of the week—Sunday.

This change was made by Constantine's edict, in 321 A. D., which was the first law, either ecclesiastic or civil, by which the sabbatic observance of Sunday was ordained."

Ingersoll's Thanks for Whisky.

A Chicago gentleman sent Col. R. G. Ingersoll a quart of fine old Kentucky whisky a day or two ago. To-day the following unique reply was received:

CHICAGO, October 27. Alfred Hammer, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Accept my thanks for the package of happiness, of good nature, of mental serenity and exaltation that you were kind enough to send me. In this world of trouble, pain and sorrow it is a great thing to have sunshine in a portable and potable form, so that one can laugh at clouds and frosts and make a climate to suit himself. Thanking you again, I remain yours truly, "R. G. INGERSOLL."

The above excerpt from a newspaper comes to me in an envelope without explanation.

I think it absolutely unparagonable in Ingersoll. He is like thousands of ministers and other Christians in this land, willing to blast many of the short comings of humanity when he has popular sentiment in his favor. But when it comes to the greatest of all sins, the liquor curse, he doffs his cap and in cowardly suppliance "bends the pregnant hinges of the knee" before it.

Compare that letter to that fellow who has sent Ingersoll a jug of whisky to get his endorsement of the liquor traffic, with the beautiful letter Ingersoll wrote to that California mother whose son had just died, and see how is the mighty fallen.

I suppose the letter is genuine. If it is so, and Ingersoll does not apologize for it, I repudiate him.

I have, in my book and in my paper, said more for him than all the writers in Kentucky have said. I could have been, and would have been, a rich and popular man if I had not endorsed Ingersoll, though I had left the pulpit on account of my views before I ever heard his name; but a man who can subordinate the mighty genius that he has to such an enormity as the liquor traffic, simply because it is a factor in politics, though that traffic is ruining the youth of the land more than all other sins put together, and really is the source of nearly all sins and crimes, is not my ideal of a man.

If some gentleman had sent Ingersoll a fine overcoat that would make him "laugh at the clouds and frosts and make a climate to suit himself," his note of acknowledgement would not have been published in the newspapers. But when some unknown scrub whisky drummer or distiller, sends him a jug of whisky to get his endorsement of it, as soap makers send soap to distinguished clergymen and opera singers, Ingersoll dignified the jug as a "package," and puts the massive brain that flattened out Gladstone and Judge Black and Rev. Field to writing a card of thanks that will be about the right length to print on a business letter head or whisky label or in a newspaper advertisement.

"Whom the gods love die young." One trouble with lots of men is that they do not pick a good time to die. They live too long, and don't quit talking after they have said all they had to say. Talmage has gotten to be a regular old "Graceland," and his old sermons make me tired. Jeff

Davis was a hero, until in his old days, he wrote that letter to Texas against Prohibition.

Cassius M. Clay the only hero that Kentucky ever produced has insisted on living until he has repudiated all the prestige of his life by writing me a letter against Prohibition and woman suffrage.

In days gone by, I have laughed at Bill Nye until the tears run out of my eyes; but a few days ago I stood in the vestibule of the Lexington opera house and I could not wait two hours to hear Bill who was going to lecture there. He has mighty Nye petered out.

If Mark Twain could have had the foresight to die immediately after he had written "Innocent Abroad" or the "Jumping Frog," he would have enjoyed the posthumous fame of being the greatest wit of America.

He got off a good one when he built his house with the back part of it to the street and said he did so to keep the servants from running through the house every time a brass band came along, but I am hoping every day to hear of his death, because I like him and am afraid he will do something to make a fool of himself.

If Ingersoll had died immediately after that lecture on "The Gods," or his nomination of Blaine, or his speech at the grave of his brother, or that letter to the afflicted mother in California, he would have been all hunky, and up until that time I am still for him, but I draw the line at his drumming for a whisky house.

Artemus Ward was lucky. Right in the height of his success he got killed in a railroad accident.

But dear little Emma Abbott, got away with any of them. Right in the zenith of her glory, when the money was rolling in to her and she was rolling it out to the poor people, a dying man sent for her to sing for him. She went and sang and took pneumonia from the exposure and died, and in less than two minutes she was in heaven with a harp in one hand and a palm leaf fan in the other singing the "Moor song" in "Mikado," and she's there to-day giving music lessons to the angels.

"Heathen Bob" has said a most Unpopular Thing."

Newspaper clippings containing Ingersoll's letter of thanks to Alfred Hammer for a jug of whisky that Alfred had sent him, are coming into me from different quarters.

They come in two instances from cultivated and literary ladies who have been friends of Ingersoll. They express the repudiation of the ladies, of what Ingersoll has done.

There are thousands of people all over the country who have admired him for his genius and for the gallant things he has said in behalf of women, and among these I have been one of the most "blatant," but I will drop him like a hot potato if he gets to boosting the liquor damnation.

That letter to Hammer is a stigma upon Ingersoll's fame that no true Rationalist will try to defend. It is about of a piece with that letter of Jeff Davis to Texas against Prohibition.

A number of us heathen have talked about bringing Ingersoll to Lexington for a lecture, but I will not touch him with a ten foot pole until he apologizes for that whisky jug letter. If he had merely taken a jug of whisky and thanked the fellow for it, like a Kentucky "Christian" would do I would not kick about it; but Ingersoll knows that every thing he says is printed, and he evidently laid himself out to get up that whisky jug letter to show to his advantage in type, and he has the sense to know that it would be used to boost the liquor trade.

I am disgusted with it, and assure the good ladies who have sent me the newspaper extracts containing Ingersoll's jug letter that I am disgusted with the letter, and another one like that would disgust me with the man.

I will stand by him as long as he is for the right; but just as soon as he gets to supporting the whisky business, I put him in the list of moral cowards with such men as Billy Breckinridge and Lyman Abbott; and, Christian or infidel, they all go together into the slop bucket.

Somebody has spoken of mere reticence upon this liquor question as the "conspiracy of silence." It was bad enough in a man of Ingersoll's brain to have remained silent upon the subject of the liquor diabolism; but if he is to break that silence by an utterance in favor of it, I am against him.

A most cultivated woman who is a Rationalist, and who personally knew Ingersoll in Illinois, has written me a letter inclosing Ingersoll's printed jug letter, and she expresses her surprise that Ingersoll should have written such a letter, and thinks that he was once a drunkard. About that I do not know, but I am inclined to think it a mistake, as in all the efforts that have been made to down him nobody has ever assailed his moral character at any time of his life.

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The issue of Oct. 31st begins the second year of the Blade, and I hope that those who intend to take it will be as prompt as they can in paying me for it—\$2.00 a year for persons in good circumstances, and \$1.00 a year for persons who can not afford to pay more, and will tell me so.

The Blade will go to all persons to whom it went last year who have not ordered it discontinued.

Those who have not paid me for last year will please do so, if they feel that they ought to do so, and if not, please notify me to discontinue it, in order that I may not incur further loss by sending it to them.

I will have no collector and will not dun you for it. If you are willing to pay me send the amount by mail and you will receive a receipt.

Fraternally yours, CHARLES C. MOORE.

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Ingalls Tells Some Truth.

The address of ex-Senator John J. Ingalls at Monona Lake on Prohibition expresses what has been said so much by Prohibitionists. Coming from a man who has been so prominent in public life his words will be taken as full of meaning when he says: "For fear of offending the radical Prohibitionists, for fear of offending the brewery interest, for fear of offending the distillers of whisky, there is no one man in public life to-day that dares to tell the honest truth about Prohibition—not one."

This is John J. Ingalls who was one of the public men referred to. It is no more patent to observant men that this is so because John J. Ingalls has said so, but it is well he has said it. Supposing Blaine would free his mind about prohibition. Would he be the nominee of the republican party the next election? Would Hill or Cleveland if they gave their views?

When men say "liquor traffic" some one is hit every time. There is not another question before the people, nor will there be for ages a question of such magnitude. It makes it no more the truth because a prominent man says so, but it drives it closer home. In the battle of the great giants that will come on this question, such other questions as raise up a strife in politics now will subside into insignificance in comparison.

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